

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat —Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows: "I have been severely attacked by a cold which has affected my head and throat. I have been unable to do my duty for several days. I have tried many remedies, but have found that PE-RU-NA is the only remedy that has cured me in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack."

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

PE-RU-NA Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why PE-RU-NA has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanatorium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

Old Castle Is Ruined.

Rossbrin Castle, once a stronghold of the O'Mahony clan, on the coast of West Cork, near Schull, having stood many a storm, was almost completely demolished in a recent gale. A breach made in the walls during a siege by Sir George Carow in Queen Elizabeth's time proved the weak point during the late gale.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Indisance Starch.

Happiness isn't confined to the hills, tops, but is often found in the valleys of the valleys.—Atlanta Constitution.



NATURE'S ESSENCE.

Extracted From Forest Plants

Nature's laws are perfect if we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to nature for the cure, to the forest, there are mysteries here that we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the white-barked tree, the root of man-drake, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot, and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this vegetable extract and alterative of the greatest efficiency.

Just the sort of spring remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of authentic approval and has been in use for the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is purified in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated.

Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know where it originated, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?



LION COFFEE, THE LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed in our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)

(Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

These Shells were Awarded Grand Prize at St. Louis World's Fair

The PATRIOT SHOE for Men is made from all leathers, over styled, yet comfortable. It is made in the Goodyear style, which means perfect union with no weak points to strain or wear. The PATRIOT SHOE for Women is made in white and black. In style, durable and comfortable. Ask your grocer for the Lion-head. Write us direct. They will please you and you will save from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pair in prices usually charged for shoes of this character.

ROBERT L. JOHNSON'S RAND SHOES

MEN'S PATRIOT \$3.25 SHOE

WOMEN'S MAYFLOWER \$2.25 SHOE

Plea for Light in Houses.

Another mistake is to have too little light. Why darkness and gloom should be sought in any portion of a house where people must live, has always been to be an unsolved problem. Mysterious corners are in order in a coluboid attic or an underground cellar, but they are seriously out of place in a pleasant room into which visitors are ushered, and which is supposed to be a rallying spot for the family.—Exchange.

Modern Hunting.

In shooting, as in other sports, thorough luxurians is now rewarded by modern shooters as a prime necessity of enjoyment. They have their loading done for them, their birds are driven to them and in greatly increased numbers, their luncheon hours are devoted to the best in many courses of food and wine and they get home by motor as quickly as possible after shooting is over.—London Country Gentleman.

British Foxes Made Abroad.

The purchase of foreign fox cubs from importers of wild animals is attended with serious dangers. Wolves, jackals and such like creatures are easily mistaken. In the cub stage, for foxes, and now and then have been sold in England as veritable children of Brer Fox. This is the true explanation of those sensational outbreaks of sheep worrying during the past few years.—London Daily Mail.

Scattered Kindness.

There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve. There is suffering which words of sympathy can make more endurable, and often in the midst of wealth and luxury, there are those who sit on and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

First Trade in the World.

Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the Garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Ay, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade, "but who made the spades?"

Private Car Lines.

The railroads seem very willing to have the private car lines brought under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A railroad president is authority for a statement that lines are laid out without discrimination, and the question of excessive charges is a matter for the shipper to settle with the car lines, so long as there is no law to govern their rates. Car mileage paying has been decided to be as legal as the payment of rental for property.

A man convinced against his will will tell you you are right and then resume the argument.

lated during the winter. Doctor R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalid Hotel and Sanatorium, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an effective extract of roots, herbs and barks, with a PARTIAL OF ALCOHOL OR NARCOTICS, which purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the system in Nature's own way. The Golden Medical Discovery is just the tonic for the body and the system, when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution, a long, hard winter, in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach, puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. If you take this NATURAL BLOOD PURIFIER AND TONIC, you will assist your system in manufacturing each day a pint of rich, arterial blood, that is stimulating to the brain and nerves. The weak, nervous, rundown, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or blotches appearing on the skin, the face becoming thin, you feel "blue." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery STRENGTHENS ALONE as the medicine for stomach, liver and blood disorders that has the ingredients printed upon the wrapper every bottle leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., only does it STAYS ALONE in respect to its ingredients but also as the only spring tonic and reconstructive which absolutely contains no alcohol.

"I was taken with a severe cough, weakness in my back, a glimmer over the eyes, and a bad head and stomach. I had no order," writes H. G. Giddis, of 123 South Tanna street, Boston, "but I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It did not cure me for anything, but it did almost cure me of my cough, and my stomach and liver were better. I bought a second bottle and went right away and purchased a third bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken all of one bottle, I was feeling better. If I had not of this testimonial they may write to me in respect to its ingredients but also as the only spring tonic and reconstructive which absolutely contains no alcohol."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets Cure Constipation.

THE MISSING MAN

By MARY R. P. HATCH
Author of "The Bank Tragedy"

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Prefatory Note.

There needs but little explanation of the following pages. It is a story of the strange incidents and the true ones, and the details most often to be found in the records of the Society for Psychical Research.

MARY R. P. HATCH.

CHAPTER I.

A Mysterious Journey.

It is the middle of May, 1873. Like a living creature the sentient earth is pulsing with the rush of vitality so long withheld by the reluctant season. The buds are ready to burst, the grass is unshorn, and the white-limbed birches and brown-skinned maples are losing their distinctive Aryan and Semitic tints under the green robes May is weaving for all. Contradictory elements are abroad this morning in the weather; at all events here in Grovetide, New Hampshire, there is a stiff northwest wind, a low-reaching fog with the sun struggling to look through it, and a sky that looks like rain. If the sun comes out it will not be directly, and it is nearly time for the seven o'clock train whistle. After that a half-hour, and then Mr. Hamilton must go, if he goes at this morning.

Meanwhile, his wife is trying to convince him that he would better wait until to-morrow, it looks so much like rain. A fair, handsome couple, not yet middle-aged, they stand at the window of the dining-room looking out, rather than at each other. A packed valise rests on a chair, and the breakfast table is set for the children, a boy and a girl. Mr. Hamilton carries a light overcoat on his arm, his hat and gloves in his hand, and yet his wife declines to see that he is ready to go, but talks idly about the weather. He answers in the same way, though it is evident to both that underneath their words there is deeper meaning, which neither wishes to make apparent.

"Must you, when it looks so much like rain?" she asks negligently, retreating the ribbon which confines her morning dress, and picking out of the bowl before looking at her watch. "Like rain, Constance? Why, who ever knew it to rain, with the wind in the northwest?"

"That is the way it comes lately. It has been remarked, Vane, by a great many people; and if you should get wet you would get cold, and with your weak lungs—"

"Pshaw, Constance! my lungs are as strong as a horse, and so am I."

"But your mother died with consumption."

"Very true. But it isn't going to rain, mark my words; the sun will be out before ten, and as for it, if it should rain, I am neither sugar nor salt, to dissolve with the first drop. Oh, you may depend I shall be all right."

"But you are not as well as usual. You are more nervous. You talk in your sleep, and your appetite has failed lately."

"The more reason why I need a change. The fact is, my business is too much for me. I am debilitated by spring weather. I suspect I am a little bilious, and since Mr. Henderson and your uncle have chosen to leave the mill business so much to me, that with my duties at the bank, has worn me down. They will have to take the reins in their own hands, and I will do very well at the bank for the two weeks I am away."

"Always two weeks," murmured his wife.

"Yes; and I am sure it seems like a year."

"Then why do you go?"

"Because, must. You would not understand. It is best that I do not explain at present. There goes the whistle. What shall I bring you, Claire?" going to his little girl's side and stooping to kiss her.

A small face, framed in golden hair, with the dark eyes looking out from under fluffy bangs, was raised to his as she sprang to her feet.

"Oh, a ring, papa—a gold ring."

"All right. I won't forget. And you, Perley?"

"A writing book, if you please. Mine is all written through."

"Very well," kissing the boy as he had his sister.

"And what shall I bring you, Constance?" he asked, returning to his wife's side.

"Just yourself, and let it be soon," looking eagerly and earnestly into his face.

"I shall be back soon, never fear. Constance, you are most beautiful, than you ever were, and I love you better," he whispered, "I wish I were at home again. I will be soon." And kissing her hastily he took his valise, after putting on his hat, gloves, and overcoat, and left the house.

His wife stood by the window watching him until he was out of sight, when a thrill of superstitious fear shot through her.

She had watched him out of sight. Away back in her childhood a maiden relative had so strongly impressed her mind with the malevolent influences of such an act that she could never, despite her common sense, get rid of the belief.

But she was cheered the next morning by recollecting her tower. She sped quickly upstairs, then along the corridor and to another flight. This brought her to the foot of the tower, which was built at one side of the house, and rose fifteen feet above it. There were windows in it on all sides, and it gave a commanding view of the

country, romantic and unusual, for the house itself was built on high ground. Constance went straight to the window overlooking the street which led to the station. Far down there was a spot where her husband would cross the street (unless he had crossed it already) to go to the train. Fronting the crossing was a hotel known as the Essex House. She might see him, she thought, at this point. If so, she would just take one look to counteract the malignant effect of having watched him out of sight.

With expectant eyes and half-parted lips she eagerly watched the turn in the street which he might, or might not, have passed. Ah! there he was, with a sign of relief Constance was about to turn away when a woman stepped out from the hotel door, and coming quickly down the steps, approached her husband. What could she want of him, she a stranger? or was it some one else down the street she was coming to greet? No, it was Mr. Hamilton. Constance was breathless now with interest and curiosity.

The woman was evidently a stranger in Grovetide, young and pretty, if the distance did not lend undue enchantment, and she greeted her husband as if she knew him well—better than her husband knew her, for he stopped back a pace or two as though surprised or not well pleased. They appeared to be but few words between them, and then the woman with slower step returned to the hotel, and Mr. Hamilton turned the corner, but not until his wife, remembering her object in coming to the tower, shrank back until he was out of sight.

The fulfillment of her desire did not seem to have given Mrs. Hamilton unmitigated satisfaction, for she sank into a seat beside the telescope while her thoughts flew backward to the beginning of her married life, slowly reviewing the years until now—years of mystery, every one of them. Her anxiety impressed her at this moment as never before.

Eight years ago when a girl of twenty-two she married Vane Hamilton. How well she recollected the first time she met him! She, the niece of the wealthy mill owner, Mr. Carter, who had but lately come to Grovetide; he, a boy of twenty, who in the same town to have an interest in the same business, though he did not know it then.

In a year from their first meeting they were married. Vane's mysterious journeys began the spring after their marriage, and they took place always in May. How well she recollected how often chagrined at not being invited to accompany him; she, almost a bride, to be left while he went alone on his trip!

Worst of all, he never told her where he was going, nor his object in going, and from that time until now

it had been a mystery. Among the townspeople they were looked upon as business trips to Boston, but she herself knew that he went elsewhere. And he stayed from home two weeks. Once he left her quite ill, though out of danger, the physician assured him. Another time she asked him to take her with him and he refused. Always there was an air of secrecy, a grave abstraction, an intangible difference in his manner, as if called about an irksome business.

Meanwhile, Claire and Perley were added to their home, and they had been happy through the eight years of their married life despite the mystery of his yearly trips. For she trusted him. She was sure that he loved her; but each time as the middle of May approached she grew nervous, and in various indirect ways tried to hinder his going.

Just at that moment the sun burst out. The most unbelievable could not call the weather into question, but still the cloud sat on Mrs. Hamilton's brow. "Some women," she whispered, for she was quite alone, "would suspect their husbands of wrong-doing, if they saw as Vane does every year so mysteriously," and then she went slowly downstairs to her own room, pausing on a stair to listen to the children's voices in the dining room. "I have them at all events," she thought.

Going straight to her mirror she gazed long at her own reflection, noting the clear, colorless complexion, the dark, luminous eyes, the rich brown hair with its gleams of gold, the tall, graceful figure, and the intangible charm which lent them all together into a charming personality, her own. She loved her husband deeply, and was not insensible to the compliment he paid her when going away. Why did he go, if he did not wish to? Surely business did not demand his absence. He had no relatives. He did not go for his health; besides, his trips were yearly. A wave of color swept over her face and she clasped her hands nervously.

Just then the children came rushing in, and Perley said, clasping her hand, "I am glad you are pretty, mamma. I should hate to have a homely one, shouldn't you, Claire?"

"I should get used to it in time, I presume," said the precise little maiden.

Mrs. Hamilton took them both in her arms and hugged them tightly for a moment. Then she made them tidy for school, but instead of letting them go off alone, she put on a street dress and went with them.

"I will go with you a little way," she said.

"O mamma, will you, how far?" asked Perley.

"Perhaps as far as the Essex House. I want to see Mrs. Fry. She is at work in the laundry this week, I hear. I must see her in regard to our washing."

But most of all she wished to learn something about the woman who had spoken to her husband. How she wished she had looked at her through the field glass she had in the tower! But it had not occurred to her at the time. As it was, she had only a rather vague idea that the woman was young and pretty, and the uncomfortable conviction of jealousy on her own part, which she must try to rid herself of speedily. What better way than to learn something about the woman, and her object in speaking to her husband? She would not ask foolish questions, but if the desired information came to her, well and good.

(To be continued.)

COULD NOT BREAK AWAY.

Fascinations of Baseball Shown by New York Incident.

Baseball has a charm all its own. Last Saturday at noon a promoter started down Wall street to take a steamer for British Guiana. With him was an Englishman who had never seen a ball game, having lived all his life on his estate bordering the Essequibo river. The promoter was going down to buy from him for a syndicate a vast tract of forest land.

A pack of youngsters from Water street, chased by a policeman from their native beach, began to play baseball on narrow Hanover street, just across the river, and the field being large as Rhode Island, available products. Active managers and agents wanted. E. Moore, 211 Old Fellows Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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The field was a narrow one; the eighty-year-old batter faced the City bank; right field was blocked by Brown Brothers, and left field by the Custom House. The catcher's backstop was the United States Lloyd's building.

The play was scientific. The Englishman was an apt student and joined in the roar as a three-bagger into an iron shutter of the Custom House cleared the bases. Then followed a home run into an apple cart on Wall street; those who chose to celebrate the play by picking up apples and eating them did so.

The promoter finally dragged the steamer at that, and it took a lot of persuasion plus a yellow note to get a busy tour boat captain to give chase off Bay Ridge they boarded their liner—talking baseball.—New York Sun.

Moscow's Baby Farm.

The biggest baby farm is at Moscow, which is said to have an annual crop of 14,000 babies, with a branch farm at St. Petersburg, which has 8,000 more.

The Moscow foundling asylum was founded by the Empress Catherine II, and is maintained by a tax on playing cards. Servants in royal red livery stand at its doors, and its accounts are audited by officers of the treasury department. The lofty buildings stand in a hollow square, round a garden with trim lawns and trees, which forms a playground for the children.

Capitals of all sorts and sizes, from tender nursing homes to the incubating rooms are just struggling into life, are tended by careful nurses and are sure of as good attention and good food as any baby can need. About fifty new babies are received every day, and after four weeks the nurses take them to their own homes in the villages.

His Reference.

In the course of a conversation between two men at the club last night one of them jokingly remarked that a man with a "check" could get anything he desired, and he backed up his statement with the following story:

One of his friends, a merchant, had advertised for a porter. A big, burly Irishman applied for the job. After looking him over the merchant was satisfied with his appearance; the only objection was the question of references, and the Irishman did not seem to have a very good one. "Can you get no better reference than this?" asked the merchant. "O yes, Sir," he said, "the very best kind of a man, if that's all you want, Sir; and I don't have to go far for it, either. My father and my mother, Sir, live down the street, and they've known me all my life—"

And he landed the job.

A Penurious Deacon.

The late Rev. Dr. Fry, once settled at Leominster, when in charge of another parish had a close fasted deacon who occasionally loaned money when he could get exorbitant rates of interest.

A poor widow who owned a small homestead applied to the deacon for a loan, and he let her have it. The interest mentioned in the note was 9 per cent.

Dr. Fry heard of the transaction and took the deacon to task for the exorbitant demand.

"When the Lord looks down from heaven, deacon, and sees that note, how can you justify your act?" he asked.

"The Fry, if the Lord should look down from heaven, that 9 will look like a 6."

A Sharp Voice.

"Mr. Bomong has a rather sharp voice, hasn't he?"

"Sharp? Well, it's a voice that never needs any honing. She was at the theater one night in a box party and talked as usual all through the play, and finally the manager got so mad—the piece wasn't drawing very well, anyway—that he came out before the curtain and said that if the saw filing in one of the boxes didn't cease the play couldn't go on, and the audience applauded wildly."

"What did Mrs. Bomong do?"

"She was so mad that she cut out the last two acts and then cut her home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sounded That Way.

Yeast—"I see a Russian ice-breaking boat is called the Ryshtinkovitch."

Choroback—"Did you say an ice-breaker? Sounds more like a jaw-breaker, doesn't it?"

Prefers a Heavy Tombstone.

Mrs. Hanks—"What sort of tombstone shall we get for dear mother—something elaborate or plain one?"

Mr. Hanks—"Well, I think something of heavy will be best.—Cleveland Leader

Either Loved or Loathed.

Red hair is either loved or loathed. Artists from Titian downwards express a preference for painting it; but, then, artists are uncertain guides as to human beauty. They have been known before now to admire cream-cheeked beauties, blousy hair and clothes which looked as if they had been made in a machine for chopping turnips and put on with a rake.—The Queen.

A Watershed.

Many of us have a very hazy idea of what is meant by a watershed. Here is somebody's unsuccessful attempt: A watershed is a thing that stands straight up on one side and slants tremendously the other side, the water is obliged to go up the soil on one side and come slanting down the other side—that is what they call a watershed.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Do Not Haed Plea.

A new soprano was needed to fill a vacancy in a New York church choir, and there were many applicants. Each chose her own music, the idea being to allow the candidates to show off to the best advantage. One young woman sang a "piece," which began, "Turn me not away." She was, notwithstanding.

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